June 14th Write To Learn

For some reason, they call this building home. Others call it school. To me, I cannot relate to either of these descriptions. I stand all alone in the senior wing, which is filled with lockers and many beautiful memories, for some. I am patiently awaiting my mother’s arrival as I listen and observe others leaving the building they call home or school. These people, aliens who walk by me each day, laugh and yell towards one another on the way to their cars as I watch through the dusty window. As they drive off, they stare with sullen faces at the building these students call home. Tears run down their once happy cheeks, as they think of the hallways in which they have shared many fond memories with friends. No me. I don’t have any friends as my hallways are darkened with lonely moments, wishing I had someone to joke around with. The teachers here in this building aren’t even my friends. They look at me each day and hand back failing grades without one concerned look or comment. It is almost as if they think my doings are purposeful. I smile so they don’t know the pain and agony I put myself through as I walk through the triple doors to this building. With only 3 hours until graduation, I wonder if I will even make it.